

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER 29

## Trees.

IN the Garden of Eden, planted by God,  
There were goodly trees in the springing  
sod—

Trees of beauty and height and grace,  
To stand in splendor before His face:

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,  
Oak and beech and the tulip rare,

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,  
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,  
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;

Trees to turn at the frosty call  
And carpet the ground for their Lord's foot-  
fall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,  
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;

Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,  
The keel and the mast of the daring sail—

He made them of every grain and girth  
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes  
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,  
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

BLISS CARMAN,  
*in Youth's Companion.*

## At the River Bend.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

*In Two Parts.*

*Part I.*

L AURA WENDELL surveyed her first school on the first day of the term with distinct approval. She was a very young teacher, but she had high ideals of her calling, and she looked forward to a happy year's work. They were ordinary country children, with clean faces, and bright, interested eyes, but Laura saw possible Lincolns and Garfields among them. The first week went by beautifully, and Laura was saying, in a superior manner, "There is no problem of discipline if only you start out right."

Then her confidence received a rude shock. Coming to school one morning, she saw an excited group of children circling about the yard, and heard shrieks that did not betoken peaceful play. Hurrying into the yard, Laura saw a small, elfish girl, a stranger, pursuing Eben Wells with a heavy stick. Eben was much the larger, but he did not dispute the ground. His concern seemed to be to run fast enough to dodge the stick. The other children shouted encouragement. "Go it, Eb!" "Catch him, Tessie!"

With an authoritative hand, Laura sepa-

rated the group, and taking the girl by the arm, led her into the school-room. At the door she paused to tell the other children, who were trooping after, that they need not come in yet. She felt conflict in the very touch of the child's arm. She stood the girl before her desk, and began her question-

"What is your name?"

"Tess Craig," muttered the child.

"What are you doing here?"

"Coming to school."

"Well, you can't behave that way if you're coming to school."

There was no answer. But the sullen gleam in Tessie's eyes was not promising.

"Why were you chasing Eben?"

"'Cause him and his sister thinks they're so smart. He called me a stick-in-the-mud, and yelled 'torn dress and dirty face' at me. I'll show 'em both."

"You can't quarrel with Eben and Elma."

"I hate 'em both. I hate all the children mostly, I guess."

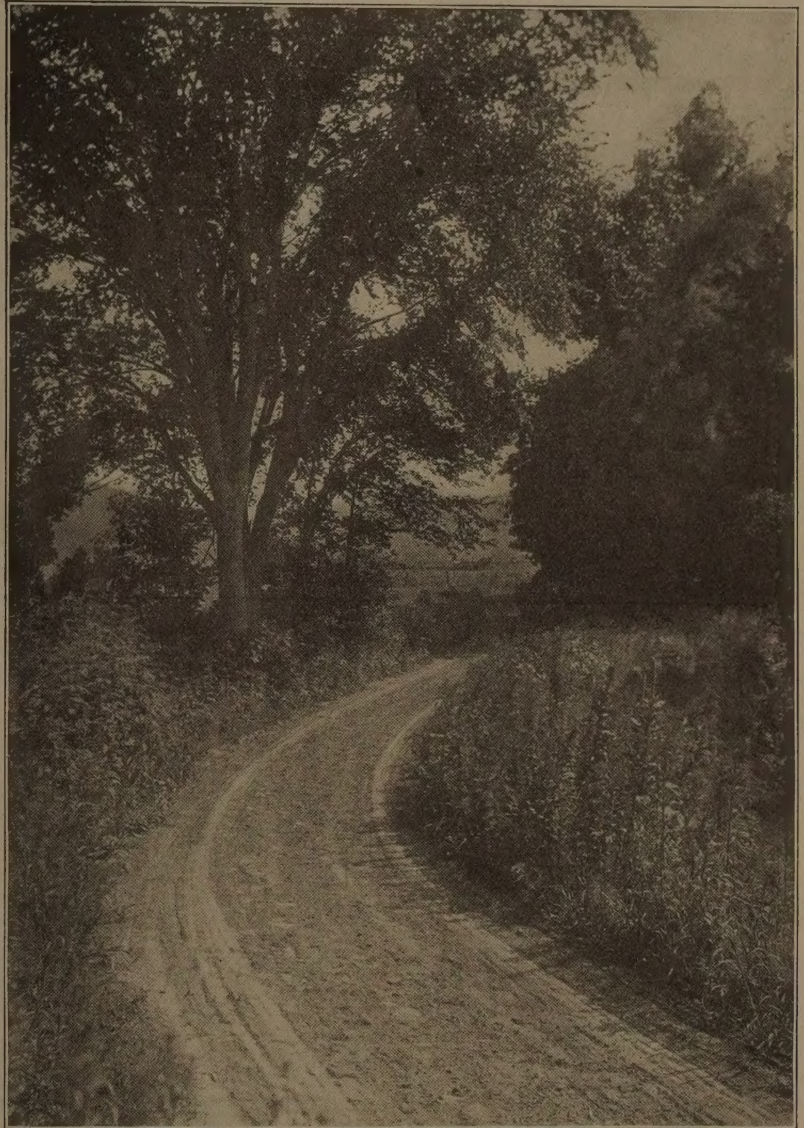


Photo by L. M. Thiers.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.



Laura looked at the small savage helplessly. "Don't you know," she said, "that you ought to be kind to people even if you don't like them?"

The child seemed to be considering. "No, I don't," she said deliberately. "And you can't, neither. You couldn't do it yourself, no matter how much you know. There was a teacher here before you, and she was going to be kind to me when she didn't like me. But she wasn't. She was mean. She blamed everything onto me. She didn't like me near her. I could see she just hated me, and I just hated her, too. You can only be kind to people you like."

Laura was beginning to think the child almost uncanny in her sharpness.

"I hope you will like school this term, and get along well," she said, "but I cannot allow you to quarrel with the children. And I shall speak to Eben about teasing you."

"Oh, you needn't," said the child. "I'll tend to Eben."

"That will do," said Laura, sternly. "You may take the seat before my desk."

Laura realized that her problem had arrived. That evening after school she asked about the child. It appeared that Tessie was sadly neglected. She lived with an old, untidy grandmother in a tumble-down hut back in the hills. An uncle, suspected of more than one unsavory transaction, was the other member of the family. The child ran wild. None of the family ever went to church or mingled with the respectable people. Tessie went to school when the fancy took her. "But," concluded Laura's kindly landlady, who told her the story, "I guess she might as well stay away. She don't learn anything, and is always stirring up the other young ones."

"I hope she'll come, if she is a bother," said Laura. "She surely needs some teaching."

Laura almost regretted her kindly impulse in the next month. For the first time in her life, Tessie attended school regularly. She seldom got a lesson. The playground was in a turmoil from the time she appeared. Worse yet, the school-room order suffered. Laura was sure much of the disturbance could be traced to Tessie, though she taxed her with none of it unless she was absolutely sure. But, in spite of Laura's patience and effort to be strictly just, Tessie seemed to grow worse and worse.

One day Laura asked her to stay a few minutes.

"Tessie," she said, "the children tell me you know where to find a moccasin-flower. I wonder if you would be willing to show me. I am very anxious to have one."

"I know where they are, but they won't be in blossom yet. I'll take you when they are. But say, teacher, I'll take you where some arbutus is. No one knows it but me. That on the hills here won't be out for two weeks yet."

"Can we go to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," said Tessie. Her face was alight with interest, all her mischief gone. "And say, teacher, you must come secret. You come around the cliff by the river, and wait under the big chestnut, and then you look around to see no one has followed you. Then you say, 'Who-o' like an owl, three times. And I'll answer you three times. Then you walk on toward the woods, and I'll come down the hill, and join you."

"All right," said Laura, quite seriously. "I'll be there at nine, and I'll bring the lunch."

In her heart she was rejoicing at the discovery of this touch of acting out a necessity for caution. If Tessie had an imagination, she knew she could find a way to reach her.

That lovely spring day in the awakening, but leafless, woods was one Laura long remembered. Tessie, a little outlaw at school, was a harmonious habitant here. She knew the home-seeking birds, and could tell where each flower would be found later. On the southern hillside, some two miles away, the arbutus was really in bloom. Laura knelt down with a little cry of delight, and buried her face in the first fragrant mass they uncovered.

"I kiss them, too," said Tessie. "They're baby flowers, and I love them."

They gathered a basketful, both taking care not to disturb any roots.

"I want them to grow here forever and ever," said Tessie.

Laura said that she was going to send a boxful home, half for her mother and half for a sick lady in the hospital. When they sat eating the lunch Laura looked at the happy face, and said, "Tessie, I've learned something new, lately, that you might be interested in. If you try to be fair and kind to a person, you learn to like them even if you did not at first."

She looked up, and understood. Laura's heart was deeply touched to see the sudden light break over her face.

"Nobody ever did before!" she said in a low voice.

"Well, some one does now. And Tessie, I want to see the good girl that is hiding sometimes come out, and I'll be glad to have the wild little girl go away forever. You'll be growing up some of these days, and you want to be a good and useful woman. You must try to learn all you can."

Laura waited quite anxiously for Monday, to see whether there was any change in the child. Tessie was in her place when the teacher arrived. A glance at her solemn face showed that she was possessed by a mighty resolution. And her face and hands were clean, and the tangled hair was drawn back in some semblance of order. That day Laura tasted one of the sweet rewards of teaching. She inspired a child with an ideal.

Tessie was never a troublesome child again. Not that she became a good child at once. Poor little pilgrim! she found the way to good habits was hard enough! The latent enmity that existed between her and the rest of the class kept flaming up. Laura's appeals for them to help Tessie to do better met with no response. They disliked her too intensely to want to help her. In the feuds of the past, Tessie had usually come out a victor. So there was that much more against her to be wiped out. In the school-yard Laura's authority restrained them. But away from school Tessie was assailed by every species of impish torment.

She came in one day before school, her eyes burning with rage.

"I hate them!" she said. "I hate them, and most especially Eben and Martha. Some day I'll pay them."

"Oh, Tessie, dear. I wish you could pay them by being kind. Do you remember what I said? If you are kind to people, you learn to like them after a while."

"But s'pose you don't want to like them. I don't. I don't want to do anything but just hate them, and pay them up."

"If there were a wild lion out in the yard, and you knew how to tame it so you could

lead it around and make it obey, we'd think you a wonderful girl. And I would know you were wonderful if you could tame that wild little lion inside of you. You'd have to be very strong to do it. It takes a great and strong person to be kind to hateful people."

"But what do you do when you don't want to?" wailed Tessie.

"Why, you just keep on trying. You can always try again, and you're never beaten when you're trying."

Then, seeing how real the trouble was in the tragic little face, Laura did just what she would have done for any friend. She drew the child close, and kissed her.

Tessie said nothing more about her hate, nor did she make any promises, but Laura saw that the storm had cleared. Tessie really looked happy as she took her seat.

Since she had applied herself to her lessons, Tessie had made great progress. She had already caught up with Eben, and was nearly ready for the class ahead of him. Unfortunately, the student rivalry only made another point of bitterness. To-day she answered two questions in geography after Eben had failed on them. Laura saw the threatening look he gave her, but wisely took no notice of it.

(To be continued.)

## My Little Tree.

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

WHERE the sun falls warmly,  
Where the winds blow free,  
In the brown earth's bosom  
I will plant my tree;  
On its little branches,  
Swelling day by day,  
Pretty buds shall open  
To the skies of May.

'Neath the green leaves hiding,  
Dainty flowers unclosed;  
See the pure, white petals  
Touched with sunset rose;  
Noisy bees come flocking,  
Eager for their part,  
Ah, what stores of honey  
In each golden heart!

In some bright October  
Shall my little tree  
Hold a lovely treasure  
'Neath its boughs for me.  
Hasten, winds of autumn,  
Shake its rustling crown.  
Jolly winds of autumn,  
Blow my apples down.

## A Breakfast-table Service.

IN many homes of the liberal faith the tender custom of beginning the day with a helpful sentiment or a word of prayer is observed. It is not only a help for the day, but the most certain means of cultivating reverence in the hearts of the children. In one home the following grace is said each morning in a deeply reverent manner by the youngest child, not yet five years old:

"Lord, we thank Thee for this food;  
Grant that it may do us good.  
Bless us all, and may we be  
Ever thankful, Lord, to Thee."

Divine truth comes by flashes. The heavens open, and the Spirit descends as on the swift wings of a dove.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.





A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TREE-PLANTING PARTY.

THE happy faces in the picture shown above tell the story of the pleasant exercises which accompanied the planting of a tree on the grounds of the Church of the Messiah at Louisville, Ky., on Arbor Day of last year. The children are the

members of the Primary and Kindergarten Department of the Sunday school, and the young man in the background is the janitor of the church, who has been assisting them in the interesting work of "linking their lives with the lives to be" by planting a tree.

(See "From the Editor to You.")

### A Brahmo Girls' School in India.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

#### Part I.

I WONDER how many of the girls and boys who read *The Beacon* are interested in the "Beacon Scholarships for Education in India." I hope a great many are. Well, for all such, I am going to write three articles (or one article in three parts) for publication in *The Beacon*. The articles will tell about a visit which I made, and which I want you all to make in imagination, to a Brahmo Girls' School in India, where there are several girls whose schooling is being paid for by Unitarian Sunday-schools in America. Probably some of you who read these words belong to the Sunday-schools who are doing this good work, so I am sure that you, at least, will be glad to visit the school.

Who knows where India is? Is it in Europe or Asia or America? These are questions for children who study geography. Please find India on the map. Also please find on the map a big city in the east part of India, called Calcutta. I want you to know about Calcutta as well as about India, because Calcutta is the place where the Brahmo Girls' School is.

Now let us all imagine that we are in Calcutta, and that we want to visit the school. How shall we manage to do it? I think the best way will be for us to go to the home of Mrs. Dr. Bose, and ask her to go with us. Mrs. Bose is a very well known woman, a woman highly honored in the city, whom I think we will all like to know. Her husband is a very distinguished professor in the Calcutta University. She and her husband have both been to America. I feel sure she will be glad to show us the school and to tell us about it, because she is one of the directors of the school, and is very much interested in it. She receives us very

kindly, and says, as she shakes hands, "I am always glad to see Americans, especially American Unitarians."

The school is near her home, and so we walk to it. When we get there, we find a fairly good sized school-yard. Part of it is made pretty with grass, flowers, and trees, and part is used for a playground, for girls in India are much like girls in America in liking to play. In the trees and on the ground I count seven black crows. So they have crows in India. What makes them so tame? They let us come much nearer to them than American crows would. Is it because Indian boys and men are less cruel than American, and do not throw stones at them and shoot them? Hark! I wonder if crows talk in Hindu. No, they say, "Caw! caw! caw!" That is just what our American crows say. Surely, that can't be Hindu. Isn't it curious, away off here in India to hear crows caw in English! and song-birds sing in English! and even dogs bark in English!

The school-yard has around it a rather high brick wall, over which pretty flowering vines, much like our American morning-glory, are growing. The school is in session, so none of the girls are out of doors.

When we go inside the building, Mrs. Bose introduces us to the principal, a very pleasant Brahmo lady, whom we could hardly tell from an American, except that she dresses in the graceful Hindu style, which is so different from American fashions. She smiles, and says: "I am glad you have come. We know about America."

We inquire concerning the school, and she tells us that there are about 120 scholars, 40 of whom are from a distance, from all parts of India, and live in the buildings throughout the school year, while the rest, about 80, are day scholars, that is, they live in their own homes in Calcutta, and come to the school each day for lessons.

The girls are of different ages, from six

or seven up to sixteen or seventeen, and of all grades, from the kindergarten up to the high school. You see, there are so few girls in India who go to school that they cannot have separate primary schools and grammar schools and high schools for them, as we do; but girls of different ages have to go to the same school.

The lady principal asks us if we would like to see the buildings. We answer, yes, and so she takes us all around. There are two buildings,—an old one and a new. The new one is called the "Mary Carpenter Hall," after a distinguished English Unitarian woman who came to India four times to try to get schools for girls established in different cities. When she died she left a little money, as much as she could, for education in India, and it has been used for the erection of this building.

First, we will look at the old building. The room we are in is the reception-room. On one side I see two book-cases containing books, and inquire, "Is this your school library?" The lady principal answers, "Yes." The books are so few that I count them. There are about two hundred and fifty. I wonder what girls in India read, and so I look at quite a number of the books to find out. Some of them are very good. One interests me very much. It is a volume of Indian stories, called *Folk Tales of Bengal*. I know how much the boys and girls of America like stories, and so I wonder if some time I can find time to write out some of these *Folk Tales* in shorter form, and send them for the editor of *The Beacon* to print.

As I stand looking at the books, Mrs. Bose says to me: "I am sorry the school has so very small a library. We greatly need more books, but, you see, we are so poor we can't buy them." This sets me thinking; and I wonder whether there are not some good men or women in America (perhaps the fathers or mothers of some *Beacon* boys or girls), who would each like to send the school ten dollars to buy books with. The way to do it is just to purchase at the post-office an international money-order for the amount, and send it to Mrs. Dr. J. C. Bose, 93 Upper Circular Road, Calcutta, India, saying to her that it is for the library of the Brahmo Girls' School. How happy it would make both teachers and scholars to receive this money for new books! Perhaps, too, some boys or girls who read this may have some good and interesting books of their own which they have read and would be willing to wrap up and mail to Mrs. Bose, marked "For the Brahmo Girls' School Library." That would be a kind and beautiful thing to do. But, of course, do not send any book that is worn or falling to pieces or much soiled.

From the reception-room the lady principal takes us into three school-rooms where the three upper classes are reciting. As soon as we enter, all the girls rise and remain standing until we go out. Everywhere we go in India we find children and young people very polite, especially to persons older than themselves. Sometimes I wonder whether they are not better trained in manners than American children and young people are.

From the school-rooms we go into the dining-room. Here we find some things very curious and interesting. But my article is already long enough; so I must wait until the next to tell you the rest.



## THE BEACON.

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## From the Editor to You.

SOME of our Sunday schools, like the one at Louisville, Ky., told about in this paper, observe the pretty custom of planting a tree near their own church on Arbor Day. In this way they do something worth while for themselves, for their school, for their church, and their city.

The tree, as it grows, will be beautiful for all eyes to see. It will be useful, giving shade from the summer's heat. It will make a home for the birds, whose songs make all hearts glad. The children who planted the tree will grow, too, as the tree grows. They will go out of the Sunday school, and into the church of which the school is a part. Some of them will move away, finding their home and their church in a distant place. Long afterward, the children in the school will point to the tree and say, "In 1913 the children who were in this school planted that tree, now grown so large." Is it not a good thing for any school, for any class, to do for remembrance and for helpfulness?

The tree does not have to think about growing. It needs only the right conditions—soil, moisture, God's air, and sunshine. Then its buds swell, the branches reach up toward the sky, and year by year it gets larger and finer.

It is just like that with the real self in you, the soul. You need not think much about growing. But you, and others for you, do need to think about putting yourself in the right conditions. Your soul needs food as the tree does—great thoughts in the Bible and other books, set down for you by those who have learned how to make the best of life. You need God's sunshine, sent you in the kindness of your teachers, your minister, your parents and friends.

Some of these right conditions for soul growth are furnished you in your Sunday school and your church. Are you sure you had all the sunshine God meant for the spirit within you, on those Sundays when you were too tired or too lazy or too careless to attend the school or the church service? Were you starved a bit on those Sundays when you heard or read no bit of Bible or poem or hymn, and gave yourself wholly to the funny page of the paper and a story that wasn't worth much, after all? Oh, grow in grace and knowledge and power of soul by reaching out for the things that make growth possible. For then you will come in time to be that righteous character of which it is said in our Bible that it is like a tree planted by rivers of water.

## THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

LITTLETON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I want to become a member of the Beacon Club, even though I am not quite as old as some of the girls whose letters I have noticed in my copies of *The Beacon*.

I am in a class of boys and girls aged from seven to twelve in my Sunday school.

I think a great deal of *The Beacon*, and I think it is great fun to work out the puzzles in the Recreation Corner.

I am sending an enigma which I am trusting will be published.

With many good wishes for the Beacon Club, I will close.

Sincerely yours,

BARBARA PRIEST.  
(Age 10.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club. I attend the Church of the Unity, and have been going to the Sunday school for five years. I am eleven years old. My Sunday-school class will soon become Camp-fire Girls.

Yours sincerely,

MARION ROWEBAUM.

CINCINNATI, OHIO,  
2113 Rice Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to St. John's Sunday school, Twelfth and Elm Streets. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday, and I read it all through. It is very pleasant to read. We have a nice class of girls and boys. I go every Sunday, and we got *A True Fairy Story*. Rev. Mr. Eisenlohr is our pastor.

Yours truly,

HERBERT J. DIEFFENBACH.  
(Age 9 years.)

EAST CLEVELAND, OHIO,  
13386 Euclid Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I read and enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I would like to see this letter in *The Beacon*, because I have never seen one from Cleveland, but I guess the reason for that is that I have only taken it lately. I am enclosing some Twisted Names of Well-known Players that I would be pleased to see in your paper.

Yours very sincerely,

KILLIAN V. R. LANSINGH  
(Age 11 years.)

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA LVIII.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 14, 1, 7, is not cold.

My 7, 5, 6, 4, is not whole.

My 10, 1, 2, 3, is to keep back.

My 8, 5, 3, is used in the kitchen.

My 14, 1, 12, 4, is sometimes used as a musical instrument.

My 9, 11, 7, is to wound.

My 13, 2, 5, 7, 14, is a fabric.

My whole is a building in Boston, famous in history.

BARBARA PRIEST.

## ENIGMA LIX.

I am composed of 58 letters, and form a quotation from Tennyson.

My 12, 5, 56, 35, 54, is a geometrical figure.

My 39, 52, 21, 30, 9, 41, 22, is a monomaniac.

My 44, 19, 40, 26, 6, is a Saxon lord.

My 37, 20, 47, 1, is long and thin.

My 36, 7, 55, 14, is a kind of tree.

My 17, 24, 40, 10, 27, 58, is eradicated.

My 18, 2, 48, 28, 13, 32, is lightly colored.

My 45, 11, 31, 4, 33, 25, 51, 38, is beautiful.

My 43, 49, 8, 16, 57, 50, is dread.

My 3, 23, 42, 34, 15, 53, 29, is ideas.

CONSTANCE McLAUGHLIN,  
in *St. Nicholas*.

## HIDDEN BIRD PUZZLE.

In the following story the names of at least twenty birds are concealed:

Elizabeth rushed swiftly down stairs, looking very smart in her new dress, her walnut hat charmingly becoming. She and her brother John were going picnicking. He helped her onto her horse, and then started off in charge of the lunch-basket. They soon came to a pretty brook where they spread their luncheon on a stone, chatting pleasantly.

"Do you like lobsters or nettles best?" asked John, as he handed her some of the former; leaning across he had stung himself on the latter, not at all to his enjoyment.

"Well," she began, "nettles sting whenever you touch them, and lobsters nip every time they get a chance. But I think I feel, in nettle time, that nettles are the worst." Then she continued; "Do you know Miss Robinson? She now rents that homestead over there. Her servant, a Negro, uses every possible means to make her comfortable, but she cannot rest well because that poplar keeps her awake."

Noticing that it was now late, they went home. Both enjoyed the outing extremely.

*St. Nicholas.*

## TWISTED NAMES OF WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS.

1. Xamien Ielotl.
2. Vaddi Fawriled.
3. Oser Halst.
4. Medau Dasma.
5. Illmawi Veframsh.
6. E. H. Tosrehn.
7. Luiaj Womearl.
8. Liova Enall.
9. Zitirf Fisech.
10. Aann Dihe.

KILLIAN V. R. LANSINGH.

## STAIRS.

(Words of six letters.)

1. A kind of bed.
2. Used for cloth.
3. Part of the throat.
4. A precious metal.
5. Oral.
6. A vote.
7. A small piece of ground.

Scattered Seeds.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 27.

ENIGMA LVI.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ANAGRAMS OF WELL-KNOWN MEN.—1. Theodore Roosevelt. 2. William Jennings Bryan. 3. Woodrow Wilson. 4. Andrew Carnegie.

HOMONYM.—Capitol, capital, cap it all, cap at all, cap, a tall.

A GAME OF CITIES.—1. Eccentricity. 2. Capacity. 3. Incapacity. 4. Electricity. 5. Sphericity. 6. Lubricity. 7. Complicity.

A RIDDLE.—The letter "r."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Telescope.

## Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

## SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group IX. Must be received before May 1.

1. Story or Essay: "How I earned my First Dollar."

2. Verse: "Somebody's Child."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group X. Must be received before June 1.

1. Story or Essay: "My Best Summer Vacation."

2. Verse: "At Grandpa's Farm."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.